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Book and Job Printing

executed with neatness and despatch.

POETRY.

ODD FELLOWS.

Odd fellows, when together met,
Are not, perhaps, so *odd* a set
As many people say;
Unless, indeed it odd may be
That they should meet for charity,
With conscience clear to pay.

When the pale sufferer, seized by death,
But faintly draws his short'ning breath,
They cool his fevered tongue;
And gently bathe his throbbing brow,
While scenes of earth swift fleeing now,
By single hair seem hung.

Or, when the spirit's self is gone
To that far land, to us unknown,
To dwell in tents of clay;
The fixed and glassy eyes they close,
The pain-distorted limbs compose,
And to the tomb convey.

Odd Fellows!—surely odd they are;
The sick, the naked have their care;
The hungry, too, are fed,
So add that they without reproof
The houseless stranger give a roof,
And where to lay his head.

The flower beheld the star above,
And longed to reach its airy love,
But longed in vain. A dew-drop fell
Into the rich and fragrant bell
And then the star was imaged there,
As though it dropped from upper air,
And glancing down from heaven had come
To seek on earth a kindred home.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

"We hear much said, and properly too, respecting the education of young men. Equally important is the education of young women; and even more so, as to them may be entrusted the youthful mind at a time when it is the most susceptible of lasting impressions. As future mothers, the female sex should have the most refined education. It is upon this that their influence over their children depends. The true object of education, says a celebrated writer, is to make us what nature intended we should be. Providence has destined women for the station in society which is the most modest and refined; and has assigned to man another more bustling and hazzardous; both essentially different, but equally important. Are young ladies fitted for this situation, by being taught nothing more than culinary, and other household duties? No more than is she, upon whom has been wasted a fortune, in order that she may walk gracefully, simper sweetly, and flirt with effect. One is as capable of becoming a good wife, and exerting a wholesome influence upon the rising generation as the other.—These two extremes must be avoided; the medium should be adopted. To keep the females in ignorance, and to bring them up for mere household drudgery, or for street-walking, slander, tatting, coquetting, is but poor political economy. Women exert more influence upon the destinies of a country, than is generally credited; we do not mean by babbling politics; but by instilling into the minds of their children wholesome and valuable truths, and that democracy which Christianity teaches. This is a sufficient field for a woman's action; prepare her for this, and you have done your duty; if you feel you are accountable to an injured republic. It is not our intention to mark out any course by which a good female education can be attained, it is sufficient to show to parents its necessity, and their own good sense will prompt the measures; but we will merely quote, in conclusion, the following beautiful tribute to the female character from a lecture delivered recently in the University of New York at the opening of the course of Medical instruction:

"Woman, from her infancy to old age, is an object of constant interest; and it is not strange that a being so tender, and yet so full of endearments, should have called forth the admiration of the philosopher, and the fervid praises of the poet. Her history is but the narrative of good deeds—in health she is our pride, in disease our solace; and in the faithful discharge of her duties to society she is the idol of all hearts.—Like a ministering angel, she soothes us in affliction; and, under the depressing influences of adversity, she inspires hope, and incites to renewed effort. Who has not felt the cheering influence of her smiles, and the encouragement of her eloquence in the dark hour of despondency? Abandoned by friends, and left to the cold charities of a selfish and heartless world, the husband of her bosom then knows how to appreciate the depths of her love, and the sincerity of her vows. As wife, mother, sister—in a word, in every situation in life, virtuous woman is the kind and fast friend of man."

There, friend Drew, take that as an offset to the article you christened "Ruling Wives," week before last, and credited to the Norway Advertiser. Neighbor Plummer disavows all knowledge of its paternity, (we don't blame him for not wishing to have the bantling forced upon him,) and we do not wish it to go fatherless through this wicked world, where there is so much cribbing, as we often take it home.

THE STORY TELLER.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE HUNTER-SPY:

A LEGEND OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

Not in the dim cathedral aisle, where the smoke of the incense ascends for evermore, and the image of the Virgin smiles above the altar—not in the streets of the colossal city, where the palace and the hut, the beggar and the lord, are mingled in the great spectacle of life—nor even in the quiet home of civilization, where the glow of the hearth-side flame lights up the face of the mother as she hushes her babe to slumber—

But among the mountains, where sky, and rock, and tree, and cataract, speak of the presence of their God,—Nature, with her thousand voices, sings forever, her anthem of thankfulness and prayer.

It is a sublime anthem which she sings out yonder, in the untrodden wilderness. The cataract thunderes it, as in all the glory of its flashing waters it springs from the cliff into the darkness below. The breeze, too, softly murmuring among the tops of the ever-green pines, in the calmness of the summer morn, in the shadows of the summer eve, whispers that anthem, as with an angel's voice. The sky writes it upon her vault, not only in the sun and stars, and noon, but in every feathery cloud that skims over its blue dome, in the deep silence of a summer noon.

But at night, when the storm comes out, and mingles cataract and rock, forest and sky, in one fierce whirlpool of battle; then the thunder sings the anthem, and the lightning writes it on the universe.

It was noon among the mountains, nearly a hundred years ago, when the sun shone down through the woods upon the waters of a cataract, trembling in tumultuous beauty on the verge of a granite cliff, ere it dashed into the abyss below.

Let us pause upon the verge of this cliff and gaze upon Nature as she stands before us, clad in the mild glory which she has worn since the hour when "Let there be Light!" from the lips of Divinity, thundered over the chaos of the new-born world.

Upon the verge of the cliff. Grey and hoary, over-grown with vines, and clumps of moss. It trembles beneath our feet—trembles as with the pulse of the cataract. Look yonder—a mass of waters, not fifty yards in width, emerging from the foliage, gliding between walls of rocks, gleaming for a moment in bright sunshine on the edge of darkness, and then dashing in one long stream of light and spray, far down into night.

Look below—ah! you tremble, you shrink back, appalled. That voice is terrible in its intense blackness. And from that abyss, for evermore, arises a dull, sullen sound, like the whispering of a thousand voices. It is the cataract, speaking to the rocks which receive it.

There is a ragged beauty in the spectacle.—The woods all around, with grey cliffs breaking from the canopy of leaves; the sky, seen there, far above the cataract and its chasm; the cataract itself, bridged by a fallen tree.

A massy oak, rent from the earth by the storm, extends across the cataract, just where it plunges into darkness. Here, on the western side, you behold its roots, half torn from the ground—yonder, on the eastern side, its withered branches, strongly contrast with waving foliage all around. And between the rocks and the fallen tree, glide the waters, ere they dashed below.

As we stand here, on this rock, leaning over the darkness; tell me, does not the awful silence of these primeval woods—only broken by the eternal anthem of the mountain streams—strike your hearts with a deep awe?

Another music shook the woods an hour ago. Strange sounds, scarce ever heard in these woods before; sounds deeper than the roar of the cataract, yet not so loud as thunder. Distant shouts, too, like the yell of maddened men, were borne upon the breeze, and, for a moment, the cataract seemed to hush itself into silence, as a horrible chorus of groans broke over the woods.

What meant these sounds, disturbing the sanctity of the Almighty's forest? We cannot tell; but, only yesterday, a brave band of men, attired in scarlet and gold, with bayonets gleaming over their heads, passed this way, in solid columns.

Only yesterday, their commander—a man of courtly look and glittering apparel—rode through these woods, panting gaily with his sword, as the warm hope of victory flushed his face; while at his side, journeyed a young man, with thoughtful eye and solemn face. The commander was clad in scarlet and gold—the young man in blue and silver. The commander was General Braddock; the young man Colonel Washington.

All day long the sounds of battle, borne from afar by the breeze, have shrieked through the woods, but now all is still.

Yet hold—there is a crashing sound among the branches, on this western side of the water-fall—look! A face is seen among the leaves, another, and another. Three faces, wan, and wild, and bloody. In a moment three forms spring from the covert and stand upon this rock, gazing around upon chasm, and wood, and sky, with the wild glare of hunted tigers.

The first form, standing on the verge of the cliff, with the blue uniform, fluttering in ribbands over his broad chest, and spotted with blood on the arms. A man in the prime of life, with brown hair clustering around his brow, and a blue eye, lighting up his sunburnt face.—Though his uniform is rent and torn, you can recognize the Provincial Sergeant in the native troops of General Braddock's army.

At his back, stands two British regulars, clad in scarlet, with long military boots upon each leg, and heavy grenadier caps upon each brow. As they gazed around—their weaponless hands dripping with blood—a curse breaks from each lip.

'Don't swear,' exclaims the Sergeant, as he turns from the chasm to his brother soldiers.—'It's bad enough as it is without swearing! It's like to drive me mad when I think of it! Only yesterday we hurried on, through these very woods, and now—ugh! D'ye remember what we saw, by the banks of the river, not an hour ago? Piles of dead men, those men our comrades, each brow with the scalp torn from the skull—little rivers of blood, each river running over the sod and pouring into the Monongahela, until its waves became as red as your uniform. Ah! I tell you, boys, it makes a man sick to think of it!"

'And them Injins,' exclaimed the tallest of the British soldiers, 'how like born devils they screech! The fightin' I don't mind, but I confess the screechin' hurts one's feelin's.'

The other soldier, with a darkening brow, only muttered a single word, hissing it, as with the force of his soul, through his set teeth:

'The Spy!'

At that word, the Sergeant started as though bitten by a rattle-snake. His face, so frank in its hardy manliness of expression, was violently contorted, his hands clinched.

'Aye, the Spy!' he growled; 'Would that I had him here!'

He bent over the chasm, his blue eye glaring with dangerous light, as his fingers quivering with the frenzy of revenge.

'Would that I had him here, on this rock? By that home which I never hope to see again, I would give my life to hold him, for one moment only, on the verge of this rock, and then—'

'Send him yelling down into the pool below?' added the tall soldier.

The other soldier merely wiped the blood from his brow, and muttered a deep oath, coupled with the omnious words—"The Spy!'

'Come, my, boys, we must hurry on!' cried the Sergeant, his form rising proudly in the sunlight.—"Them Injin devils are in our rear, and you know the place where all us fellows, who don't happen to be killed, are to meet! Aye, aye! Come on! Over this fallen tree he our way!'

Followed by the regular soldiers, the Provincial Sergeant crosses the fearful bridge. You see them, quivering there, with but a foot of unhewn timber between them and the blackness of the chasm; the sunbeam lights upon their tattered uniform and blood-stained faces.

In the centre of the fallen tree, even while the roar of the cataract deafens his ears, the Sergeant suddenly turns and confronts his comrades:

'Didn't he look beautiful?' he shouts; and his eye flashes, and his cheek glows—'Yes beautiful's the word! I mean our young Virginia Colonel, charging in the thickest of the fight, with his his sword uplifted, and his forehead bare. Did you see his coat, torn by the bullets which pattered about him like hail-stones? And then, as he knelt over the dying General, shielding him from bullet and tomahawk, at the hazard of his life,—I vow he did look beautiful?"

As he speaks, his form trembles with the memory of the battle, and the tree trembles beneath him. The British soldiers do not speak a word—their position is too fearful for words—but with upraised arms they beseech the Sergeant to hurry on.

Across the perilous bridge, and along this eastern rock—a murmur of joy escapes from each lip.

Then, through the thickly-gathered foliage, into this forest-arbor, formed by the wild vines, hanging from the limbs of this centuried oak.

A quiet place, with gleams of sunshine escaping through the leaves, and lighting up the mossy sod, and the massive trunk of the grand old tree.

What means that half-muttered shriek, starting from each heart, and hushed by the biting of each lip?

The Sergeant starts back, places a hand on the mouth of each soldier, and his deep whisper thrills in their ears—

'In the name of Heaven, be still!'

Then every breath is hushed, and every eye is fixed upon the cause of that strange surprise.

There, at the foot of the tree, his head laid against its trunk, his limbs stretched along the sod, slumbers a man of some fifty years, one arm bent under his grey hairs, while the other clasps the barrel of a rifle. Gaze upon that sunburnt face, pinched in the lips, hollow in the cheeks, the brow narrow and contracted, the hair and eyebrows black, sprinkled with grey, and tell me, is it not the index of a mean heart, a cankered soul?

The form, clad in the shirts, leggins and moccassins of one of the outcasts of civilization, in whom were combined the craft of the pale face, with the ferocity of the savage, is lean, straight and angular, with the sinews gathered around the bones like iron thongs.

And while the three soldiers, with darkening faces, gaze upon him, he sleeps on, this wild hunter of the wild woods.

Do you see that silken purse, slightly protruding from the breast of the coarse hunting shirt.—Look—even as the sunbeam falls upon it, the gleam of golden guineas shines from its net-work.

There is a strange story connected with that silken purse, with its golden guineas.

Not ten days ago, the British General was encountered in the wild forest of the Alleghany mountains, by a tall hunter, who offered to act as his guide to Fort Pitt, where the French held their position. The offer was accepted—the reward fifty guineas. The young Colonel Washington distrusted this hunter—traitor was stamped on his face—but Braddock laughed at his distrust.

The guide led them forward—led them into the ambush of this morning, and then disappeared.

At this moment five hundred hearts are cold on Braddock's field—there are an hundred little rills of blood pouring into the waves of Monongahela river; Braddock himself lies mangled and bleeding in the arms of Washington;—and here in this arbor of the wild wood, lulled to rest by the anthem of the cataract, sleeps the hunter-guide, with the silken purse and its fifty guineas protruding from his breast. Every guinea bears on its surface the head of King Louis. Every guinea was given as the price of a life, and yet there is no blood upon them; but the sun, shining through the foliage lights them with a mild, warm glow.

And all the while the three soldiers stand there biting their lips, and clenching their hands together. There is something fearful in the ominous silence.

At last the Sergeant advances, stealthily, it is true, yet the sound of his footsteps echoes through the wood. Still the Hunter sleeps on. Then, with a rude knife he severs a piece of the wild vine, ties one end around a projecting limb of the oak, pushes the leaves aside, and you behold the other end dangling over the chasm.

A flood of sunlight rushes in through the opening, bathes with its glow the darkened face of the Sergeant, and the withered face of the sleeping man. Around the form of the Seargeant, so vigorous in its robust manhood, extends the mass of foliage, like a frame around a picture. For a moment he stands there, on the edge of the eastern rock, the grape-vine dangling in one hand, while his straining eye persues the darkness of the abyss.

As he turns to his comrades again, he utters this singular sentence in a whisper:

'Doesn't it seem to you that a man tied to this grape-vine by the neck, and forced to leap from the rock, would stand a mighty good chance of being hung?'

A grim smile passes over each face—still the hunter sleeps on; he sleeps the sound slumber of hardship and toil.

Presently the Seargeant advances, shakes him roughly by the shoulder, and shouts in his ear—

'Come Isaac, get up. To-day you die!'

The sleeping man quivered, opened his eyes, beheld the darkened face above, and then clutched for his rifle.

With a sudden movement, the Sergeant flings it beyond his reach.

'You know me, Isaac. You see the blood upon my coat. You know your doom. Get up, and say your prayers.'

This was said in a very low voice, yet every word went to the Hunter's heart. In silence he arose. As he stood erect upon the sod, it might be seen that he was a man of powerful frame and hardened sinews. He gazed from face to face, and then toward the cliff—his countenance changed from sunburnt brown to ashy paleness.

'What d'ye mean?' he falters. 'You don't intend mischief to an old man?'

Paler in the face, tremulous in each iron limb—ah! how cowardice and crime transform a man of iron sinews into a trembling wretch!

'Say your prayers, Isaac,' was the only answer which awaited him. As the Seargeant spoke, the light in his blue eye grew wilder; he trembled from his heart to his finger-ends, but not with fear.

Again the hunter raised his stealthy grey eye, ranging the arbor with a glance of lightning-like rapidity. All hope of escape was idle.

'Let me finish him with the knife!' growled the tall soldier.

'Say the word, Sergeant, and I'll send a bullet from his own rifle through his brain!'

'I know'd ye when ye was a boy, down yander in the hills of old Virginny, Isaac,' said the Sergeant; 'and know'd you for a liar and a thief. Now ye're grown to a tolerable good age—grey hairs and wrinkles, too,—and I know ye for a traitor and a murderer!'

'But, Jacob, you won't kill me here like a dog?' exclaimed the Hunter, in a hollow voice.

'There's a matter of five or six hundred men dead, this hour, on yonder battle-field. Not only dead, but mangled—their skulls peeled—ugh! It's an ugly word, I know, but it's a fact—their skulls *peeled*, and their bodies cut to pieces by musquet balls and tomahawks. You did it all, Isaac. You sold your countrymen—your flesh and blood, as I might say, and sold 'em to the French and Injins.——Come, Isaac, say your prayers!'

There was a strange contrast between the broad, manly figure of the Sergeant, rising to its full stature, and the slender form of the Hunter, cringing as from the danger of a threatened blow. The sunlight fell over both faces, one flushed with a settled purpose, the other livid with the extremity of fear. In the shadows of the woody arbor the British soldiers stood, awaiting in silence the issue of the scene.

And ever and anon, in the pauses of the fearful conversation, the cataract howled below.

'I've no prayers to say,' said the Hunter, in a dogged tone. 'Come—murder me—if you like. I'm ready!'

There was something sublime in the courage of the coward, who trembled as with an ague fit as he said the words.

The words, the tone, the look of the man seemed to touch even the determined heart of the Sergeant.

'But you may have a wife, Isaac, or a child——' he faltered—'You may wish to leave some message?'

'I may have a wife and a child and I may not,' said the Hunter, quietly bearing his throat.—'Come, if you're going to murder me, begin!'

Then commenced a scene, whose quiet horror may well chill the blood in our veins, as we picture it.

The Sergeant advanced, seized the end of the grape-vine, and, while the wretch trembled in his grasp, knotted it firmly about his neck, gaunt and sinewy as it was.

The doomed man stood on the edge of the cliff. Below him boiled the waters—above him smiled the sky. His deathsman was at his side.

For a moment, the Hunter turned towards the comrades of the Sergeant.

'Kill him like a dog!' growled one of the soldiers.

'Remember the battle, and choke him until his eyes start!' exclaimed the other.

The eye of the miserable man wandered to the face of his Executioner. Calm and erect the Sergeant stood there; the only signs of agitation which he manifested were visible in a slight tremulous motion of his lip, a sudden paleness of his cheek.

'Ain't there no pity?' whined the Hunter.—'Ye see I'm not fit to die—the water-fall skeers me. No pity, did ye say?'

'None!' thundered the Sergeant, and with one movement of his arm pushed the doomed man from the rock.

Then—as the limb quivered with the burden of the fruit which it bore—as the blackened face and starting eyes, and protruding tongue glowed horribly in the sunlight—as one long, deep cry of agony mingled with the roar of the cataract—the Sergeant seized the purse of guineas and hurled it far down into the darkness of the chasm.

'Let the traitor's gold go with his soul!' he cried, as the coin, escaping from the purse, sparkled like spray-drops through the air.

The level rays of the setting sun streamed over the dead man's face.

All was desolate and silent in the forest—the Sergeant and his comrades had passed on their way—the deep anthem of the waterfall arose to the sunset Heaven.

There was a footstep on the fallen tree, and a boy of some twelve years, bearing a burden on his back, came tripping lightly over the cataract. He was roughly clad, in a dress of wild deer's hide, yet there was a frankness about his sunburnt face, a daring in his calm gray eye, which made you forget his uncouth attire. As he came bounding on, as fearlessly as though the floor of some quiet home were beneath him—the breeze tossed his brown hair aside from his face, until it waved in curls of glossy softness.

'Father!' his young voice resounded through the woods, clear and shrill as the tones of careless boyhood. 'Father do you sleep yet?' he cried, as he crossed the tree. 'You know I went this morning to the Indian's wigwam to procure food and drink for you. Here it is—I'm safe back again. Father, I say!'

Again he called, and still no answer.

He stood on the eastern side of the waterfall, near the forest arbor.

'Ah! I know what you're about!' he laughed with childish gaiety. 'You want me to think you're asleep—you want to spring up and frighten me. Ha, ha, ha!'

And gaily laughing, he went through the foliage, and stood in the forest arbor—stood before the DEAD MAN.

His FATHER, hanging by the grape-vine to the oaken limb, his feet above the chasm, the sunset glow upon his face. That face as black as ink; the eyes on the cheek; the purple tongue lolling on the jaw—*his father!* Every breath of air that stirred waved his grey hairs about his brow, and swayed his stiffened body to and fro.

The boy gazed upon it, but did not weep.—His father might be a thief, traitor, murderer, but the son knew it not. The old man was kind to him—yes, treacherous to all the world, he loved his motherless child!

'*Father!*' the boy gasped, and the bread and bottle which he bore on his shoulders, fell to the ground.

He approached and gazed upon the body of the dead man. You might see a twitching of the muscles of his young face, a strange working of the mouth, an elevation and depression of the eye-brows, but his grey eyes were undimmed by a tear. There was something terrible in the silent sternness with which the child gazed into his murdered father's face.

There was a paper pinned to the breast of the dead man, a rough paper scrawled with certain uncouth characters. The boy took the paper—he could not read—but carefully folding it, he placed it within the breast of his jacket, near to his heart.

Thirty years afterward, that paper was the cause of a cold blooded and horrible murder, wild and unnatural in its slightest details.

Long and earnestly the boy stood gazing upon that distorted face. The same sunbeam that shone upon the visage of the dead, lighted up the singular countenance of the boy.

At last, approaching the edge of the cliff, he took his father's hands within his own. They were very cold. He placed his hands upon the old man's face. It was clammy and moist. The boy began to shudder with a fear hitherto unknown to him. For the first time, he stood in the presence of Death.

His broken ejaculations were calculated to touch the hardest heart.

'Father!' he would whisper, 'you aint dead, are you? If you are dead what'll I do? Come father, and tell me you aint dead? Father! I say, father!'

As the sun went down, that cry quivered thro' the woods.

The moon arose. Still by her pale light, there on the verge of the cliff, stood the boy, gazing in his father's face.

"I'll cut him down, that's what I'll do!" he said, taking a hunter's knife from his girdle.

Standing on tip-toe he hacked the grape-vine with the knife; it snapped with a sharp sound: the boy reached forth his arms to grasp his father's body: for a moment he held it trembling there, the blackened face silvered by the light of the moon.

But his grasp was feeble, compared to the weight which it sustained, and the body passed from his hands. There was a hissing sound in the air—a dead pause—a heavy splash in the waters far below.

The boy knelt on the rock, and gazed below. I confess, as I see him kneeling there, the light of the moon upon his waving locks—the silence of night only broken by the eternal anthem of the cataract, all around—that I cannot contemplate without a shudder, that sad and terrible picture:

The Boy, leaning over the rock, as he gazes with strained eyes, far down into the darkness of the abyss, for the DEAD BODY OF HIS FATHER!

NOTE.—The son of the Hunter Spy is introduced into the next Legend, the scene of which is laid on the field of Pittsburg Manse, just before the battle.

[From the Boston Traveller.]

GRAIN FOR IRELAND.

An English corn merchant, now in this country, has furnished us with a few items of interest respecting the foreign grain market, particularly in reference to Ireland.

During previous years the importation of grain into England from Ireland, has been upwards of 3,000,000 quarters; but this year, Ireland will need from England 9,000,000 quarters; making a difference to England of 6,000,000 quarters. He says there is no question that 3,000,000 of people in Ireland are in starving circumstances; and though small contributions will do good, yet, the amount of relief which is necessary to meet the exigencies of the case, is almost beyond calculation. Allowing these 4,000,000 a pound of flour or indian meal a day, it will require about 200,000 tons a day, or nearly 1,000,000 bushels a week; and at the same rate, if the supply must be kept up till after the harvest, as it doubtless must be, (six months) it will require 25,000,000 of bushels of grain. *Twenty-six millions bushels!* It is perfectly terific to think of such a destruction.

Our informant further states, that *not wheat*, but Indian corn or Indian meal should be sent, in preference to flour. And the reason he assigns is, that meal can be most easily converted into porridge; and that thousands of families in Ireland have but one cooking utensil, and that is a pot, in which they have been accustomed to boil their only food, their potatoes. This utensil has been handed down from parent to child, it may be for successive generations.

That Great Britain is not alone in her lack of grain, is evident from the fact that France was a buyer in the English markets until the advance in breadstuffs compelled her to look elsewhere for a supply.

It is a question of immense practical interest. What has occasioned this dearth of food in Europe—particularly in Great Britain? It is not that their territories are so contracted, or their soil so densely covered with habitations. Every traveller in France or Great Britain will be struck with the immense quantity of land which remains uncultivated, which lies waste, or is devoted to purposes of ornament or amusement. The parks and the hunting grounds of the nobility and gentry of Great Britain, if cultivated by the starving peasantry of the country, would furnish food to feed millions of mouths.

President Everett, in his late speech in Faneuil Hall, intimated his apprehension that the whole frame work of society might be broken up by this terrible famine in Ireland. If it should break up the monopoly of nobility—the necessity which is laid on the millions to toil and starve, in order to support in boundless luxury a Court and a titled nobility—if it should do this without violence and bloodshed, this famine cure as it is, would be the richest boon that Great Britain ever received at the hands of a Gracious Providence.

Prince Murat. The Boston Post has a letter from Tallahassee, Florida, in which it records the following notice of a distinguished citizen whose name, when borne by his father, caused some noise in the world.

Among the citizens of Florida we find a live prince: the son of Murat, king of Naples. Prince Achille Murat is a singular character. Inheriting all his father's courage, for battle and danger, and love of glory, he has sought in the quiet citizen and agriculturist of the land of flowers, the world. Various misfortunes have befallen him. The prince once fought a duel. He received the ground with his surgeon and watch before him, smoking a cigar. He quietly puffed away while the word was given to fire. The duel was fought in Florida, 18[illegible] miles, with rifles. Murat's surgeon, seeing his principal [illegible] ran to assist the latter.

The prince, who had not been touched, called off by his surgeon's bell, replied to the latter, "What for you go there? Stop, sir!" and, while hobbling up his finger, continued, "I want you cut my finger off. Let me alone, devil, go." He got what he wanted, however. I gave you two hundred dollars to cut the ball out of my body if that could be done. Let him pay for his own service. If he does not, I give him another ball just as soon as you have cut off my finger." But one ball did satisfy the antagonist and they retired.

The Prince is fond of hunting, and he goes for the profits of the field and river. Nothing that swims the water, flies the air, or runs on the earth, but that he has served up on his table. Alligator steak, frogs' shins, loggerhead turtle and roasted crows are found palatable; but there is one animal that the prince don't like. The buzzard is one too many for him. "I try him roast; I try him roasted; I try him stewed; and I make soup of him, but the buzzard is not good. I have no prejudice against him, but I could him every way, and then I no like him." Buzzard's soup! think of that! It is Lent in France, and to study the resources of a new country.

A seventeen years old

ARRIVAL OF THE CAMBRIA

Fourteen Days Later from Europe

The British mail steamship *Cambria*, Captain Judkins, left Liverpool on the 4th of February, and arrived in Boston early in the afternoon of Saturday last. She brought six passengers to Halifax, 83 to Boston, including Tom Thumb, and 39 from Halifax to Boston.

The London Times of the 4th reports that the steamer would bring to Boston £300,000.

By this arrival we have news a fortnight later from the old world than was brought by the Sarah Sands to New York; but it is not of great importance politically.

The price of bread stuffs was going down.

Since the 25th, prices for provisions have declined materially, and American beef, pork, lard and cheese, are steadily on the rise.

An immense business had been done in sugar, which was, however, declining, under the action of government in substituting it for barley in breweries and distilleries.

It appears that on the 1st February 8,000 barrels of flour were received in Liverpool, and 20,000 quarters of corn. At the same time, whole cargoes were going at reduced rates to the south and west of Ireland. On the 2d, flour fell 2s. 6d a barrel, and corn in proportion, making the quotations as follows:

Freights to Liverpool. During the past month freights to the States have generally been dull and depressed, and much difficulty has been found in procuring sufficient dead weight to load even the packets.

A Liverpool paper of the 4th of Feb. says:—"The distress is not confined to Scotland and Ireland; there is much at present existing in England. The high price of provisions and the reduced stock of cotton are amongst the causes that have aggravated the condition of the operatives in many of the large towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire. The cotton mills, under the influence of the present quotations of cotton, are working languidly. Mr. Bright is going to take up the question of the cotton crop, by moving for a select committee to inquire into the best mode of increasing the growth of cotton in India."

The Privateers Exploded. In reply to a question respecting letters of marque, under the Mexican flag, Lord Palmerston in the House of Lords, on the authority of the Mexican chargé d'affaires, stated that no person in England had been authorized to issue such letters. Foreign subjects abroad, Lord P. added, were not answerable to be treated as pirates for being engaged in such an enterprise.

We learn in addition, on the authority of Capt. Judkins, that on the 4th, a large number of vessels with breadstuff arrived at Liverpool, and the price of flour was on that day a dollar a barrel.

In the London market, on the 3d, there was but little activity to public securities, and no difference in the price for money or account; consols 91 1-8, reduced three per cents 91 1-4 to 91 3-8; three-and-a-quarter per cents from 91 1-4 to 92 7-8, and exchequer bills were 30 premium, and bank stock sold at 203. Both circulars speak of a further advance on the cost of corn.

It is stated that a loan of four millions sterling is being negotiated in the United States.

The circular of Baring, Brothers & Co. states that "a check seems to have been given to exports of grain, and stock and merchandize generally have declined in value. The export of specie continues, and, including what will go by the steamer, the Bank will have lost two and a half millions of bullion *since the 10th of December.*"

On the 2d month all the bakers in London reduced the price of their bread from 9 1-2 to 9 for best quality, and from 8 1-2 to 8d for household. Some few of the largest bakers continue to charge as high as 10d and 11d for bread of superior quality.

Capt. Rathbone, of the packet ship Columbia, first and second mate, five seamen and a boy, were washed overboard on the night of the 23d of January. The vessel was then in the Gulf Stream. The [illegible] Liverpool.

Capt. Parker, of the packet ship [illegible] arrived at Liverpool from New York on the 31st ult.

Capt. George Lowell, Jr., commander of the packet ship [illegible] arrived at Liverpool from Boston, reports having left Boston on the 1st inst. and spoken [illegible] from New York for Liverpool.

[illegible] Packet ship Oxford, Capt. Delano, arrived at Liverpool on the 1st inst. from New York.

On Tuesday [illegible] Peers, after the reading of the Queen's speech [illegible] Lord Brougham [illegible] Lord Ashburton [illegible] Lord Campbell [illegible] Lord Cottenham [illegible] Lord Lyndhurst [illegible] Lord Wharncliffe [illegible] Lord Fitzwilliam [illegible] Lord Monteagle [illegible] Lord Clanricarde [illegible] Lord Beaumont [illegible] Lord Stanley [illegible] Lord Ellenborough

DIFFERENT CLASSES.

Few people are aware of the industry with which certain would-be great folks inculcate the idea that society is, and should be, divided into distinct classes. And while some make it their business to produce an impression of that sort, others—we mean the great mass of the people—are reprehensibly acquiescent, and unreasonably criminal, in aiding the deception, by their silence, or by their want of honest indignation to throw back the infamous calumny into the teeth of those who coin and utter it. Could the people be aroused to a just sense of the insult offered our common nature, by either the insinuation, or the assertion, that society is necessarily cut up into distinct classes, or castes, they would be astonished at their own tame submission, and straightway resolve upon ridding themselves of the odium.

Let us look at it. Here, in this land of equality, we have those, who, by the accident of birth, are enabled to boast of being the descendants of some who figured in the army of the revolution, or in the councils of state, or nation; and these, though ten to one they inherit all the imperfections, and none of the virtues of their ancestors, imagine that they are entitled to the privilege of turning up their noses at others, who might boast of having descended from honest peasants, and of having inherited their principles, though of *them* they had little to bestow. Then comes another "class," composed of those who by some means have contrived to secure a little more than their share of wealth. These constitute the real upstart nobility of New England; and for *them* to think of being "classed" with those who are less fortunate than themselves, is entirely out of the question. So we might go on, and designate a score of the "classes" of society. But it is sufficient for our purpose to speak of the *upper* class and the *lower* class.

We have sought for a long time to find out where to draw the line of distinction between these two divisions of society. They are designated as the "upper crust," and the "lower crust,"—as the "good society," and the "rabble society,"—as the "fashionables," and "*un*fashionables;" but what it is that gives a person the right to be *classed* with the one, or compelled him to be indiscriminately linked into the other, is more than we have been able to ascertain. On the whole we have been inclined to think that when a person does his duty to himself, his fellow-beings, his country, and his God, he should be treated with some degree of respect. The world may class us as it pleases—we shall not complain, provided we keep a conscience void of offence." We detest all these classifications. They are anti-republican, anti-religious, and in their tendency, abominably demoralizing. Would you make a brute of a man? Degrade him in his own estimation, and your work is half done. Would you unqualify him for a prudent exercise of his rights as a freeman? Impress his mind early in life with the idea of his inferiority, and you may rest from your labors. Artificial distinctions create but a desire to *deserve* elevation to *oblivion* notoriety. When wealth gives a man the pre-eminence, virtue will be lightly esteemed, and seldom practiced. We would have nothing more to do with divisions than such as God ordained to exist. We would have merit rewarded, and vice, whether of mind, or body, discouraged, condemned, and detested. To do away with the unnatural distinctions that exist, we must go to the principle and motive by which we are governed in the transactions of all men.

LATER FROM THE ARMY.

From Mr Clarke of the New York Herald, who arrived in New York on Saturday last, we learn that the [illegible] in the army, and as we have already [illegible]

"Rumors of [illegible] Gen Taylor have been received here from the seat of war, but we have not been able to ascertain that [illegible] to warrant the publication of the [illegible]

The [illegible] view of the situation of affairs in Mexico [illegible] Gen Taylor [illegible] Gen Scott, [illegible] the [illegible]

Gen Taylor [illegible] the Mexicans [illegible] Gen Scott [illegible] Vera Cruz [illegible]

By the [illegible] the Mexican [illegible] the "Western provinces," that [illegible] [illegible]

The New England [illegible] Vera Cruz [illegible] Scott, [illegible] Mexico [illegible] Vera Cruz [illegible] Jalapa, [illegible] Perote, [illegible] Scott, Vera Cruz [illegible] Jalapa, [illegible] Gen Scott [illegible] Perote, [illegible] Puebla, [illegible] Mexico [illegible]

The following [illegible] the following [illegible]

	Fed	Dem	Total
[illegible]	14	44	118
[illegible]	30	17	47
[illegible]	1	6	7
	45	67	172

Leaves [illegible] majority, with a [illegible] (Mr Gilbert Mayberry voted against the bill. He [illegible]

When Wellington was introduced to the notorious [illegible] he emphatically to lay a tax on [illegible] and cattle, but when [illegible] to a vote, would vote it. The [illegible] imposed a tax [illegible] and cattle, in 1842 and voted [illegible] Tory Party, when the country was [illegible] to tax tea and coffee. When it was proposed in a foreign war, they voted against such tax. Now public men [illegible] these same things? [Nashville Union.

According to Mr Westcott, who voted to exclude Mr Rateliff, if the people did justice to the senate, they would tumble them head over heels into the Potomac — Where's dignity?

"The two rarest things in all nature," says Bishop Warburton, "are a disinterested man and a reasonable woman."

MEETING ON EDUCATION AT WATERFORD

FEBRUARY 20, 1847.

Mr. EDITOR:—The subject of Education is one of paramount importance. In a free government it is scarcely less important than liberty itself; and all History proves that without its aid, freedom degenerates to slavery—virtue to vice and happiness to misery.

For years past this subject has not received that attention out of all which it deserves. A few benevolent men, who have deeply deplored the consequences of its neglect—the loss of time and money, have ever been ready to stand forth the able and worthy advocates of a more liberal Education. And among such, it is pleasing to find a number of the first men in this or any other State. But while this may be said of some of our leading minds, what must be said of the great mass of the people, to whose custody has been committed the instruction of youth and the Execution of the Laws instituted for their benefit? Why we must all plead guilty to the charge of neglect, and say in relation to this subject, as we are in the habit of saying on other occasions, "We have done those things which we ought not to have done; and left undone those things which we ought to have done." The Laws we have not enforced. They were instituted for the purpose of developing the common intelligence of the people of the State, and consequently in accordance with the constitution, the perpetuation of her free institutions. But now have they accomplished? And had it not been for the recent movement, they must have slept the sleep that never wakes.

As almost every thing has its opposite I hope, yes, I not only hope but fully believe this picture must take a gloomy cast "ere the day I feel confident is dawning when the rights of Education may look forward to brighter hopes and freer prospect—when their hearts will be cheered with the hopes which have been gathered from the vast improvements every where witnessed in the mode of Instruction!

Could doubts arise in the mind of any one, in relation to the onward progress of this movement, they would have been expelled could he have been at Waterford and witnessed for a while the scene. It is a source of happiness to be able to state that the meeting in that beautiful village, surrounded by noble farms—and intelligent occupants who fully attended, and the inhabitants collected in their presence and otherwise the zeal they felt, left nothing unpleasant and to desire. JUDGE FARRAR, member of the Board of Education from this County, was invited to with the most profound attention address during three hours, while he explained to the audience the objects, the design and the expectations of the Fund. When he concluded his remarks the afternoon was nearly spent; but the following Resolutions were presented by Mr. FARRAR and accepted. Dr Hopkins, made a few remarks urging the importance of [illegible] the study of Physiology and other common [illegible] and the meeting adjourned, after having spent, as every one remarked and as all exhibited by their countenances, an interesting and pleasant day.

The attention of the people is particularly invited to the Special Resolution in relation to the formation of a [illegible] Association."

RESOLUTIONS OFFERED BY Mr. FARRAR

Resolved, As the Legislature of this State, as the Inspectors of Oxford County, and others to its true interests and welfare, we feel it to be a duty which we are not at liberty to forget or disregard, to do all in our power towards securing the right Education of our Youth.

Resolved, That the Youth of a state are its hope, and should be its pride, its care, and that the common schools are the Colleges of the people, from which their children are to graduate, and according to the manner, they there receive, prove their by or a great or lasting, blessing to the country.

Resolved, That we welcome with pleasure and hope the late Educational movement in this State, having for its object the improvement and elevation of our common schools; that the members of the Board of Education, in their visits to the several Counties, have by their [illegible] and [illegible] done much to awaken a spirit [illegible] and [illegible] to the [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and

To the Hon. Justice of the Western District Court, to be holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of November, one thousand eight hundred and forty-six.

THE Petition of Wm. Minot, John R. Adan and Robert C. Winthrop, all of Boston, County of Suffolk, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Executors and Trustees under the Will of Thomas L. Winthrop, late of said Boston, deceased, humbly shews that they are all interested and hold in common and undivided with Galen Merian and other persons to your petitioners unknown, one undivided fourth part of a parcel of land situated in Township number Two, now called Franklin Plantation, in the County of Oxford, described and bounded as follows, to wit:—Beginning at the South East corner of said Township number Two, now Franklin Plantation,—thence North eighty-three and one half degrees West on the line of the town of Sumner and said number Two, two hundred rods to the South East corner of Lot numbered Eight in Usher's South Grant,—thence on the East line of said lot one hundred and sixty rods to the North East corner of said lot numbered Eight,—thence South eighty-three and one half degrees West two hundred rods to the South East corner of lot numbered Fourteen in said Usher's Grant,—thence on the Easterly line of said lot numbered Fourteen one hundred and sixty rods to the North East corner of said lot numbered Fourteen.—thence South eighty-three and one half degrees West six hundred and nine rods to the line of Woodstock—thence North two and one half degrees East one hundred and sixty rods to the South West corner of lot numbered Eight in Milton Academy Grant,—thence North seventy-three and one half degrees East on said Milton Academy Grant line nine hundred rods to the line of Peru,—thence South fourteen degrees East six hundred and twenty-five rods to the bound begun at, containing six teen hundred and seventy acres.

Also, one other undivided fourth part of a parcel of land and estate situated in said Township numbered Two described and bounded as follows, to wit:—Northerly by Milton Academy Grant, and Southerly by Buxton Academy Grant, and known by the name of the Gorge, lying Northerly of Milton Academy Grant containing eight hundred acres.

Wheresore they pray your Honor to order and cause partition to be made of said real estate and that their proportion thereof may be set off to be by them held in severally according to law in such cases provided.

JOHN R. ADAN,
WM MINOT,
ROBT C WINTHROP.

STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss:—At a District Court, Western District, begun and holden at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of November, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and forty-six.

ON the Petition aforesaid, Ordered, That notice be given by publishing an attested copy of said Petition and this Order of Court thereon three weeks successively in the Portland Advertiser, a newspaper printed in the City of Portland, and in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed at Paris, and by serving the same upon the said Galen Merian, named in said petition, by giving him a copy in hand, or by leaving the same at his last and usual place of abode. Each of the last publications to be thirty days, at least, and said personal notice upon said Meriam to be served, at least fourteen days before the second Tuesday of June, A. D. 1847, that all persons interested may attend and be heard if they think proper.

Attest—CHARLES ANDREWS, Clerk.

A true copy of the Petition and Order of Court thereon
40 Attest—CHARLES ANDREWS, Clerk.

Dr. Wood's
SARSAPARILLA AND WILD CHERRY
BITTERS,

For the permanent removal of all such diseases as take their rise in an Impure Blood, Impaired Digestion, Morbid state of the Liver and Stomach, Weakness of the Nervous System, and a disordered Habit of the Constitution generally.

DR. WOOD'S Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters, have already, by their substantial excellence, won a degree of public favor and patronage, which puts them beyond the need of recommendation. Being faithfully prepared of the most excellent materials, they can be fully confided in by all in need of a tonic, aperient or alterative remedy. Sarsaparilla takes a high rank among Physicians and all others in the list of curative agents, and it is this fact which has rendered it so deservedly popular over all other medicines of the day. In Dr. Wood's standard preparation, it is warranted to be found in great purity and strength, and gaining much by its union with the Wild Cherry, a tonic of the first order. This happy combination is the only one ever made of these articles, and founded as it is on the best medical principles, and their virtues extracted by a rigid chemical analysis, experience has shown its unusual power and efficacy.

This preparation will be found on trial, to be a sure and speedy remedy for the diseases enumerated above. They purify the blood, secure regular digestion, promote a healthy action of the Liver and Stomach, and strengthen the nerves, at once securing health and vigor to the whole system. In all cases of despondency, arising from Indigestion or Nervous irritation, they have been used with remarkable success; nor are they less useful as a remedy for Headache, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, and a general prostration of the system. At the same time, it must be stated, that they are neither violent nor at all dangerous in their operation, securing, as they do, the desired end, by a steady, regular and easy influence. Taken dairy, in doses prescribed, they will be found to operate in that gentle and salutary manner, which is, in fact, their highest recommendation.

The following certificates, among many others which have been received from the most respectable sources, furnish satisfactory proof of the value and efficacy of this highly popular medicine.

Sandwich, Sept. 4, 1844.

Mr. E. Thornton, Jr.

Dear Sir,—This is to certify that my daughter has been troubled with Dyspepsia for a number of years, attended with almost constant headaches and other distressing symptoms which accompany this disease. She visited Boston to avail herself of the justly celebrated physicians of that city, all to no purpose.—By the solicitation of a friend, I was induced to purchase a bottle of Dr. Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters. Before taking one bottle she was relieved entirely of the headache, and after taking two or three bottles, the other symptoms entirely disappeared. N. B. GIBBS.

North Fairhaven, Long Plain, June 16, 1845.

Mr. E. Thornton, Jr.

Dear Sir,—My daughter has been for more than two years afflicted with a confirmed Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, together with a severe and constant headache During this time, she was constantly attended by the most skilful and intelligent physicians, but with little or no relief, until we found the disease was rapidly taking the form of confirmed consumption. At this time, I determined to have recourse to Dr. Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters, as prepared by you, and it gives me the sincerest pleasure to state, that after the use of a few bottles my daughter was happily restored to health. I have the highest confidence in this medicine, and shall cheerfully recommend it to my friends. Very truly yours,

ANSEL WHITE.

The cure described in the above certicate of Mr. White, is by no means a singular one. There are hundreds who have been cured from the most acute and long continued disease by the use of this excellent and highly popular remedy. The proprietor recommends it to the public with the utmost confidence, for in all cases where it has had a fair trial, it has succeeded beyond the expectations of the patient or even his own. The ease with which it is prepared, and the intrinsic excellence of its materials, should secure, and have secured for it, a character which it well deserves. The prejudice nearly existing against advertised medicines, would not be merited if bestowed on this. The wonderful cures it has performed, and the acknowledged activity of its principal constituents, should at once recommend it to the public favor.

☞ Be particular and ask for Dr. Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters, and receive no other.

E. THORNTON, JR., sole Proprietor,
New Bedford, Mass.

THOMAS CROCKER, Agent, PARIS. A. Hall, South Paris. Hall & Dow, Norway.

EDWARD MASON, Portland; and sold by Agents throughout the New England States.

Feb. 16, 1847. oyisoamdecemt51

WANTED,

$1000 In payment of arrearages for the Democrat, Advertising, &c.

Asiatic Liniment.

THIS LINIMENT is decidedly the VERY best preparation ever got up for the cure of Rheumatism, Stiffness of the Joints, Numbness, Sprains, Bruises, Chilblains, Gout, Spinal Irritation, and almost any local Inflammation.—It may be considered a desideratum in the list of curatives, combining advantages not possessed by any other preparation of the kind, is prompt and efficient in its action, and may be relied on as perfectly safe in all cases for which it is recommended. It will not soil the clothing nor the skin, as do most of the "Compounds" brought out under the name of Liniment, but is perfectly clean and has a fragrant smell, which is of more importance than many suppose who imagine that any thing that smells bad, and is offensive in the highest degree, must surely possess wonderful powers as a Medicine. It is put up in a neat and attractive style, and sells at the low price of

25 Cents per Bottle.

A liberal discount made to those who buy to sell again. Prepared and sold by

H. K. HINKLEY, *Apothecary*,
PORTLAND, Me.

For sale by TUBBS & PORTER, Paris; Noah't Harlow, West Buckfield; Sydenham Bridgham, ucksfield; I. S. Brimmer, Hebron; T. T. Lovejoy, Paris & Adams, Woodstock; Houghton & Twell, Greenwood; Kimball & Crocker, Hiram Hill, Bethel; Henry Ward, West Bethel; Smith & Small, Newry; Farnum & Hoit, Hanover; Joshua Graham, Rumford; Lewis Reed, Mexico; C. T. Chase, Dixfield; J. M. Dexter, Canton; Jefferson Coolidge, Livermore; J. A. Kimball, N. Turner; Wm. B. Bray, Turner Village; Joshua Parsons, Minot; N. L. Houghton, Cumberland; John A. Perry, Saco; Albert Harding, Saccarappa; D. B. Clement, J. & N. Parkman, and Robin & Co., Gorham; N. Reynolds & Son, Lewiston; Reber Ingalls, Shellburn, N. H.

For sale in Portland by JOSHUA DUBGIN & Co., and by the Druggists generally. [Jan. 1, 1847—1y25]

The above named Agents have also for sale

DR. J. D. BUZZELL'S
CELEBRATED FAMILY MEDICINES.

EDWARD REILLY,
TAILOR,

WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public that he may be constantly found at the Shop formerly occupied by Lewis W. Dennen, at

South Paris,

where the Tailoring business, in all its branches, is carried on in a fashionable and workman like manner.

☞ All Garments warranted to fit, or no pay.

Gentlemen, wishing for fashionable clothing, are requested to try him and see if he suits.

BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS

Received at his Shop regularly as soon as published.

☞ Wanted immediately—Two Apprentice Girls.

South Paris, June, 1846. tf 8

SCHOOL BOOKS.

GRAMMARS, Geographies, Arithmetics, Histories and all other books commonly used as Schools for sale by

B. WALTON.

Paris Hill, Dec 29, 1846. 24 tf

☞ *Please to read this.* ☜

A good chance to clear from $500 to $1000 a year.

AGENTS wanted in every Town and County, throughout the State of Maine to procure subscribers to

"Sears' New Pictorial and Illustrated Family Magazine,"

and to sell SEARS' NEW AND POPULAR PICTORIAL WORKS, universally acknowledged to be the BEST and CHEAPEST ever published, as they certainly are the most saleable

Any active Agent may clear from $500 to $1000 a year. A small amount of at least $50 or $60 will be necessary. Full particulars of the principles and profits of the Agency will be given on application, either personally or by letter.

The postage must in all cases be paid.

Brown & Appleton, General Agents for the State of Maine

Portland, Jan 13, 1847. 1y3 27

DENTISTRY, DENTISTRY.

FILLING, Separating, Cleaning and Setting Artificial Mineral Paste Teeth, done by

T. H. BROWN,

Paris Hill.

PRICE—Filling with gold, from 75 cts to $1 00.
" Tin Foil, 25 " 50
Cleaning out of Teeth, 50 " 1 00
Setting Paste Teeth, from $1 00 to 1 50, and 2 00
Work warranted.—March 29. tf 47

Plumbe National Daguerrian Gallery

—AND—

Phonographers Furnishing Depot.

AWARDED the Gold and Silver Medals, Four First Premiums, and Two Highest Honors at the National Mechanic's, the New York, and the Pennsylvania Exhibitions, respectively, for the best specimens Colored Daguerreotypes and best apparatus ever exhibited.

Portraits taken in exquisite style, without regard to weather. Instruction given in the art.

A large assortment of Apparatus and Stock always on hand, at the lowest cash prices.

New York, 151 Broadway; Philadelphia, 126 Chestnut St.; Boston, 75 Court, and 58 Hanover Sts.; Baltimore, 107 Baltimore St.; Washington, Pennsylvania Avenue, Pittsburg, Va., Mechanics' Hall; Cincinnati, French and Walnut, and 176 Main St.; Saratoga Springs, Broadway; Paris, 127 Vieille Rue du Temple; Liverpool, 52 Church St.

July 7, 1846. 1y

Wanted immediately.

THE subscriber would respectfully notify some of his friends and customers that he is in want of a little Cash, for which long standing accounts will be reached PAID, and crossed out. For further particulars call at the Bookstore and acquire of B. WALTON.

Paris Hill, Dec. 29, 1846. tf 24

P. S. Hope some folks will take the hint.

BLANKS,

A prime assortment of Blanks, printed on good paper, kept constantly for sale at the Bookstore of

Paris Hill, Dec 29, 1846 B. WALTON

Sheriff's Sale.

Oxford, ss:

TAKEN on Execution, and will be sold at the Auction on Saturday, the sixth day of March, 1847 at ten o'clock A. M. at the Inn of Col Samuel Morrill, in Dixfield,—All the Right in Equity of Redemption which SAMUEL WEBBER has of redeeming the Farm which he now occupies, situated in Dixfield, being the same he purchased of Wm Morse.

ISAAC PARK, Deputy Sheriff.

Dixfield, January 30th, 1847. 40

C. W. WALTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MEXICO, Maine

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

F. BROWN'S
SARSAPARILLA & TOMATO BITTERS.

1 Bottle for One Dollar—6 Bottles for Five Dollars

IN order to make *this best of medicines the cheapest beyond doubt*, and every all competition as to quality and price, the proprietor has been induced to put his *large bottles* at 1 dollar for 1 bottle—6 Bottles for 5 dollars. *THE MOST MEDICINE FOR THE LEAST MONEY.* It is hardly necessary to say anything in praise of this valuable medicine, as its use has become so general that any one can know of its effects by inquiring of his neighbor, but we will give a certificate, one out of hundreds that might be furnished, from a gentleman, who has reason to be and is thankful for the almost Miraculous Cure effected in his own case when all else had failed.

☞ Read the following:—

Bath, Me., April 20, 1846.

Mr. F. Brown—Dear Sir: I am much gratified in having an opportunity to announce to you that having used three bottles of your Sarsaparilla and Tomato Bitters, I have been, from a state of general debility and misery, and years of suffering, restored to the enjoyment of good health. For a number of years I have been troubled with the Liver Complaint, so badly at times as to prevent my attending to business, and Dyspepsia followed, with loss of appetite, sick headache and vertigo, and a sinking and oppressive sensation at the stomach, could not sleep and in the night, with the greatest distress of mind, would lie into a trance, and could not be aroused to consciousness for my necessary; while under the influence I was believed, by the persuasion of a friend, to make a trial of your Bitters, and was most happily disappointed in finding an immediate relief; and before I had taken the contents of six bottles, I had obtained a confidential state of health, and before I had used three bottles, I expended better for the money than for a number of years.—This statement was in the winter, and my health has continued good till the present time. I must say that I have no more confidence in patent medicines, but I can candidly, from the wonderful effects of your Bitters in my own case, and of families with me I have assisted to use it, that it is a valuable medicine, and I take much pleasure in recommending it to my friends and acquaintances, and do feel called to tell what are thus afflicted, as well worthy a trial. I remain yours,

PELEG SPRAGUE.

☞ *Be careful* if you would get the genuine, and purchase of the following list of regular appointed Agents:—

Paris, THOMAS CROCKER; Oxford, Z. Chadbourn, Jr.; Buckfield, E. & L. Atwood & Co.; Bethel, Kimball & Crocker; Rumford, Joshua Graham; Rumford Corner, J. H. Wardwell; Dixfield, Charles T. Chase; Canton Mills, J. M. Dexter; North Livermore, I. Coolidge; Turner, Bisbee, Bray & Co.; Mt. Vernon Village, C. A. Manson; Mt. Vernon, Geo. J. Goff, jr. & Son; Harrison, F. Blake; Norway, Perham & Tyler.

For sale by Druggists and Agents in every important town in the State.

June 2, 1846.—1y4

THE GREAT REMEDY

CONSUMPTION,

AND the first medicine known to cure for Asthma of every stage, Liver complaint, Bronchitis, Influenza, Coughs, Colds, Bleeding of the Lungs, Shortness of Breath, Pains and weakness in the side, breast, &c., and all other diseases of the

PULMONARY ORGANS.

A very important discovery was made when the "Balsam" exerts a very powerful influence, in this case

DISEASED LIVER.

In this complaint it has undoubtedly proved more effectual than any remedy in the world, and in many cases astonishing when patients had resorted long and extensively to other medicines, without success, and had given up all hope of ever getting from the grasp of the fell destroyer. For a number of years I have been troubled with the Liver Complaint, and when MERCURY had been resorted to in vain, the use of the Balsam has restored me to health, and I GIVE IT as a healthy action, and in many cases is effected

PERMANENT CURES,

after every known remedy had failed to produce the desired effect.

Besides its astonishing effects in the diseases above mentioned, we also find it a very efficacious remedy in *ASTHMA*, a complaint in which it has been extensively used with the most unprecedented success in cases of confirmed

It may truly be termed from a regular Physician, but has also been used through all the complaints for which it is recommended. It is not my intention, therefore, either to recommend to patent medicines, but I am satisfied, from the wonderful effects of your Bitters in my own case, and of families with me I have assisted to use it, that it is a valuable medicine, and I take much pleasure in recommending it to my friends and acquaintances, and do feel called to tell what are thus afflicted, as well worthy a trial. I remain yours,

PELEG SPRAGUE.

☞ *Be careful* if you would get the genuine, and purchase of the following list of regular appointed Agents:—

Paris, THOMAS CROCKER; Oxford, Z. Chadbourn, Jr.; Buckfield, E. & L. Atwood & Co.; Bethel, Kimball & Crocker; Rumford, Joshua Graham; Rumford Corner, J. H. Wardwell; Dixfield, Charles T. Chase; Canton Mills, J. M. Dexter; North Livermore, I. Coolidge; Turner, Bisbee, Bray & Co.; Mt. Vernon Village, C. A. Manson; Mt. Vernon, Geo. J. Goff, jr. & Son; Harrison, F. Blake; Norway, Perham & Tyler.

For sale by Druggists and Agents in every important town in the State.

June 2, 1846.—1y4

WORMS EASILY REMOVED!

WINER'S
Canadian Vermifuge!

HUNDREDS OF CHILDREN DIE every year from the disease produced by Worms! They are the cause of numerous and fatal diseases. Indeed there is scarcely a complaint common to infancy and childhood which may not be produced or greatly aggravated by the presence of these destructive animals in the stomach and bowels. Cases are on record of them producing St. Vitus's Dance, Locked Jaw, Spasms, Dropsy, Loss of Feeling in the Limbs, Rickets, Palpitation of the Heart, Fractions, Hip Cough, Severe Pains, Paleness, Emaciation, total Decline of Strength, and Consumption. They consume all nourishment in the body, and finally destroy the child.

Winer's Canadian Vermifuge is a pleasant, safe, speedy and permanent cure for this dangerous affection. It destroys the worms at once, dissolves and carries off the slime which forms the nest of worms, and gently stimulates and invigorates the system. It is the most perfect thing of the kind ever invented, and no family should be without it.

P. S. Parents are to be warned that this medicine is perfectly harmless in all its effects. It is rare only a dispondent of the very best materials, so that there is not the least danger in using it.

☞ Price only 25 cents per bottle.

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DR. UPHAM'S

Vegetable Internal Remedy
FOR THE PILES!

☞ A Cure for Life Secured. ☜

For the cure of Piles, Inflammation of the Liver and Spleen; Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder; Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism; Impurity of Blood; Weakness and Inflammation of the Spine; and for the relief of Married Ladies.

THE VEGETABLE PILE ELECTUARY, invented by Dr. Upham, a distinguished physician of N. York city, is the only really successful remedy for that diseases and distressing complaint, the Piles, ever offered to the American public.

Much time, it is an INTERNAL REMEDY—not an external application, and will cure the worst case of Piles, either leaving or bleeding internal; and probably the only thing that will. There is no need to cheat it. It is a permanent cure—*speedy and permanent*. It is also a convenient remedy to use, and acts on the system in a most wonderful manner.

Each Box contains twelve doses, at $1 12 cts per dose. It never fails in its operation, and may be taken in cases of the most acute inflammation with safety. All external applications are to the highest degree disagreeable, inconvenient, and offensive; and from the very nature of the disease, requires a cure. The Medicine attacks the disease at its source, and removing the cause, renders the cure certain and permanent.

INFLAMMATORY DISEASES.

Although the Electuary is especially prepared for the cure of Piles, yet it has proved itself to be a medicine for superior to all others, in all diseases of an Inflammatory Character, such as inflammation of the Liver and Spleen, Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder; in full or partial Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism, it is the best remedy ever discovered.

IMPURITIES OF THE BLOOD,

For all impurities of the Blood, arising from the effects of Mercury, or other causes; for all Humors of the Skin and Scrofulous Affections, as Scrofula, Ulcers, Boils, &c., it will be found to eradicate the Humor from the system, when all other remedies have failed. *Dr. Upham's Electuary* is certainly recommended.

TO MARRIED LADIES.

Married Ladies are subject to many complaints peculiar to their sex, such as Suppression, or Irregularity of the Menses, Pains, Weakness, and Inflammation in the Stomach, Pain in the Side, Back, Groins, Loss of Blood in the Head, &c. The Electuary is particularly adapted to Pregnant Ladies, and the moment it is taken it will relieve all the distressing symptoms attending Pregnancy, and has proved itself a safe and certain remedy in all cases of Miscarriage.

CURE FOR LIFE GUARANTIED.

The Electuary contains no Mineral Medicines or Alcohol, Cologne, Gamboge, or other powerful and irritating Purgatives. No fear of taking cold while under the influence of change in diet necessary. In addition to the directions A CURE FOR LIFE IS GUARANTIED.

☞ Pamphlets, giving a full description of the disease and Medicine, may be had of Agents, gratis.

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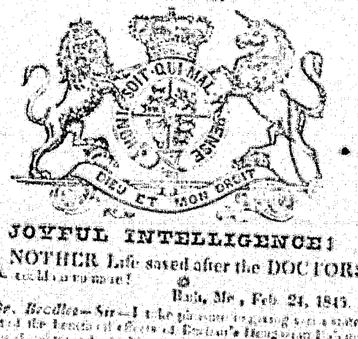
BUCHAN'S

Hungarian Balsam
OF LIFE.



JOYFUL INTELLIGENCE!

ANOTHER Life saved after the DOCTORS could do no more!

Bath, Me., Feb 24, 1845.

Dr. Bradlee—Sir—I take pleasure in giving you a statement of the benefit I have received from the use of your Hungarian Balsam, without thought, I was induced to try it, having heard of its good effects in the cure of Consumption, and could say that I was fast verging to that dreadful disease. CONSUMPTION I certainly should have fallen a victim to, had not providence directed me to the use of your Balsam, which I am happy to say has entirely restored me to health, after I had given up all hope, and was daily expecting death to release me from my sufferings. I am now in the enjoyment of good health, and can recommend your Balsam to all afflicted with Consumption, as the only remedy that will cure.

JOHN YOUNG

ASTONISHING CURES OF CONSUMPTION!

Two cases pronounced beyond the reach of Medical aid.

Augusta, Me., May 27, 1845.

Dr. Bradlee—Sir—The Hungarian Balsam has been of the most astonishing service to me. I have been confined to my room for the last two months, and thought to be in the last stage of consumption, by the advice of my friends, I purchased a bottle of your Balsam, and before I had taken the contents of the bottle, I found myself relieved from the distressing cough, and before I had taken three bottles, I found myself entirely restored to health, and able to attend to my business. I have since recommended it to many of my friends, who have used it with the same success. I am now in the enjoyment of good health, and can recommend your Balsam to all afflicted with Consumption, as the only remedy that will cure.

Yours truly, FRANCIS J. WEEKS.

Bethel, Me., June, 1845.

Dr. Bradlee—Sir—Mr. Cushman of Bethel, a friend of mine, was taken with a severe cough and lung fever, which settled into confirmed consumption, &c. He consulted several doctors who pronounced his disease incurable.

He could not get well!

He stopped taking medicine, his cough grew worse, and he was so weak that he could scarcely get up. He saw a notice of the Hungarian Balsam, procured a bottle, and commenced to take it according to the directions—and, strange to say, in a few months he was a strong man, and as he believed permanently cured. Yours, respectfully,

H. G. O. WASHBURN, Bookseller.

MORE CURES OF SEATED CONSUMPTION!

Important testimony of Physicians and Druggists.

Burlington, Vt., Nov. 1, 1845.

Dr. Bradlee,—Sir,—The astonishing sale of Buchan's Hungarian Balsam obliges us to order a further supply. Please send us before, a sufficiency for six months. We can give you if you desire it, certificates from numerous individuals who have not only been relieved from Asthma, Colds, and Coughs, but from those who have been brought up from *FIRMLY SEATED CONSUMPTION!*—and literally snatched from the grave! As a remedy for such complaints, we confidently believe it has never been surpassed.

Yours, PECK & SPEAR.

Saco, Me., May 25, 1845.

Dr. Bradlee—Sir—The Hungarian Balsam is, beyond all question, a most perfect and admirable preparation for diseases of the Lungs. I have used it in my family, and in my professional practice for more than two years, with the most uniform and entire success, in cases of *severe Pulmonary Disease*, and I can conscientiously recommend it to all who are afflicted, as the most *CERTAIN REMEDY* for such diseases with which I am acquainted. Yours, Respectfully,

FREDERIC P. STORER, *M. D.*

GREAT CURE OF NERVOUS CONSUMPTION!

A Patient raised from the Bed of Death by the Hungarian Balsam.

Warren, Me., Oct. 17, 1845.

To Dr. D. F. Bradlee—Dear Sir—I feel a sincere pleasure for the opportunity to communicate to you and the public the following case of Nervous Consumption, attended with all its horrors, and which has been entirely cured by the use of the Hungarian Balsam. I think with the blessing of a kind Providence, I owe my life to this invaluable medicine. I have been for some time past, as well as I could judge of myself, in the first stages of Consumption, attended with all its horrors. I complained of a weak stomach, and the cure is commenced very considerably for the better. I have this as a general remedy, recommend it to all who are afflicted with Consumption, as the only remedy that will cure.

Yours, &c., DAVID LUCKE.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 130 Washington street, Boston, General Agent for the New England States.

For sale by—J. K. HAMMOND, Paris Hill; Hall & Dow, Norway; Graves & Babcock, Bethel; John Lake, Turner; Charles P. Chase, Dixfield; Wm Cummins, Peleg; H. Blake, Harrison; J. H. Wardwell, Rumford; Edward Mason, Portland.—June 20, 1846. 1y8

DR. WARREN'S
SARSAPARILLA,
TOMATO AND WILD CHERRY
Physical Bitters.

At 50 cents per Bottle.

SARSAPARILLA, TOMATO and WILD CHERRY BITTERS have now become a standard Medicine, and are daily superseding the use of all Mercurial and Chemical preparations. They are a safe, speedy and Certain cure for *Scrofulous, Mercurial* and *Cutaneous Diseases*; Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Diseases of the Liver, Lower complaints, Costiveness, Weak and Sore Stomach, Ulcers and running Sores, Scrofula, or the Leprosy in the Face, Pimples on the Face, Blotches, Blackheads, Flesh Worms, Salt Rheum, Eruptions on the Face and Body, Canker sores, King's Evil, Chronic Catarrh, Lumbago, Debility, Headache, Dizziness, Sallow Complexion, and all those diseases which arise from the abuse of Mercury, or from an impure state of the Blood, or too much heat imparted.

The Extract has proved to be particularly efficacious in the cure of Liver Complaint. Dr. Warren advises all persons who are afflicted with any disease of the Liver, to use this Extract in connection with the Bitters, as it is highly concentrated, extensively used—and in very many cases, a cure effected by using it alone.

As a *Spring Medicine* for purifying the Blood, strengthening the Stomach and Bowels, and checking all Consumptive habits, the *Sarsaparilla, Tomato*, and *Wild Cherry Bitters* are entirely unrivalled.

Prepared by Dr. D. F. Bradlee, 130 Washington St, Boston.

☞ Price only 50 cents per Bottle.

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Saved from a premature Grave!

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